"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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MRS. BARBAULD.

WE have the pleasure, this month, of presenting to the view of our readers the portrait of one of the most talented and estimable ladies that grace the history of English literature, whose writings, after nearly a century, are still read with the utmost pleasure in many a family, and whose "Prose Hymns" have been translated by some of our Trinitarian churches into foreign languages and sent abroad.

Mrs. Barbauld was born in 1743 into a home of peculiar advantages, and may be said to have been, in her earliest years, surrounded by Nonconformist worthies who were marked by strength of character, purity of morals, and deep religious convictions; and with an intense hatred of all forms of tyranny; they were principally Arians, and from them she imbibed her first lessons, which ultimated in her simple and scriptural faith—One GOD. Personally, she was possessed of great beauty, the traces of which she retained to the latest period of her life. "Her person was slender, her complexion very fair. Her blue eyes seemed always to beam with the light of wit and fancy." Her writings prove the deep interest she took in everything connected with the progress of civil and religious liberty. We are now enjoying the fruits of the labours of those who, with Mrs. Barbauld, toiled for this harvest of good, and we must send down to posterity this inheritance in no way impaired, but improved in what we can do for the full and perfect equality—the absolute civil and religious liberty of all persons everywhere. She is best known by her hymns and lessons for the young, which constitute the best manuals we can place in the hands of our children. Her object was to awaken devotional feeling as early as possible, and to impress the minds of the young by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, and to lay a foundation for practical devotion in future life. "The moral qualities of this admirable woman reflected back a double lustre on her intellectual endowments. Her principles were pure and exalted; her sentiments on all occasions mild, candid, and generous. No one could bear her faculties more meekly; neither pride nor envy had the smallest share in her composition; her beneficence was proved by many acts of bounty; and her courtesy, kindness, and indulgence to others were unbounded. Her society was equally a benefit and a delight to those within her sphere. She possessed many and warm friends, and passed through a long life without an enemy."

Mrs. Barbauld had a most serious trial in the state of her husband's ill-health while he was minister at our chapel at Newington Green, London. He died in 1808. To relieve her dejection, Mrs. Barbauld consented to edit a collection of the British Novelists, which was published in 1810. These labours were succeeded by the publication of the longest and most highly finished of all her poems. She also produced several pamphlets on political topics.

The last years of this admirable woman were spent amid the respect that is due to eminent virtue and life-long usefulness, and at the close of her pilgrimage, in the eighty-first year of her age, on the 9th of March, 1825, without a struggle and without a sigh, she fell asleep, realising a wish she had previously penned:—

"Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand, and stretch my view to either state:
Teach me to quit this transitory scene,
With decent triumph, and a look serene:
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to Thee, in Thee to die."

SELF-GOVERMENT.

BY AGATHA ERNEST.

It was Saturday noon; Fanny Kendall hastened home from school. "Mother," she called, almost as soon as she had closed after her the front door, "Mother, where are you?"

Mrs. Kendall opened the sitting room door and answered, "I am here." Fanny brushed into the room.

"Mother, can I go to walk with Abby Foster this afternoon, and then home with her to take tea?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Kendall, kindly while decidedly. "You know I wish you not to associate with Abby Foster."

"But mother, just this once when I have no good excuse to offer, she does urge me so."

"Is not your mother's refusal to the request a good excuse?"

Mrs. Kendall said no more, and Fanny left the room in ill-humour.

"I shall be so glad," she said to herself, as she pulled off her hat and cape, "I shall be so glad when I can do as I please—*when I shall not have to be governed.*

"Fanny," said Mrs. Kendall, as she and her daughter arose from the dinner table. "I wish to see you in the sitting room a moment."

Fanny followed her mother. Mrs. Kendall, taking no notice of her daughter's still unpleasant mood, said:—

"My dear, my heliotrope is now in blossom, and my friend, Mrs. Bryant, your Sunday-school teacher, has a strong liking for that plant. Now, after you have learned your Sabbath-school lesson and seen that your clothes are in readiness for to-morrow, wouldn't you like to take it to her?"

"I suppose I *can* take it to her," answered Fanny, not yet in tune for accepting what she usually considered a special privilege.

"You need not go," replied Mrs. Kendall. "I thought you always enjoyed a call on Mrs. Bryant. I can send the plant by our faithful and obliging servant, Susan."

Mrs. Kendall applied herself to her sewing. Fanny struggled with her feelings awhile, but the desire to see Mrs. Bryant prevailed over the obstinacy of her ill-humour, so she said,

"Mother, I'll go; I will be ready at three o'clock."

"Well," replied Mrs. Kendall.

Fanny went to her room, took her Sunday-school question-book and her Bible and attempted to learn her lesson. But after half an hour's imperfect attention to it, with only confused ideas about it, she put question-book and Bible away, went to her drawer, took out her gloves, sewed a rip in one of the fingers, fastened stronger the elastic to her best hat, dressed, then sought her mother.

"Mother, I'm ready."

"Well, the heliotrope is at the window in the back parlour. Give my love to Mrs. Bryant. I wish you to return before supper."

"Mother, Abby Foster will call for me, and——"

"I will see her and excuse you."

Mrs. Bryant greeted Fanny warmly. With delight she took the heliotrope, and invited her young friend into the conservatory, where, passing lovingly amidst the plants, she selected a place for the sweet addition.

As they turned from one plant to another, Fanny saw a slip of paper, written on, upon the floor. She picked it up and handed it to Mrs. Bryant.

"Oh," said Mrs. Bryant, "this must have slid from the book I had here this morning; one of Ruskin's works—is an extract from what he says on "Liberty and Law."

"What does he say?" asked Fanny, the subject attracting her attention. "*I like liberty; I hate law, government, restraint.*"

"He says, 'If there be any one principle more widely than other confessed by every utterance, or more sternly than another imprinted on every atom of the visible creation, that principle is not liberty but law. That the increase of both honour and beauty is habitually on the side of restraint; that the noblest word in the catalogue of social virtue is Loyalty, and the sweetest which men have learned in the pasture of the wilderness is Fold."

Fanny made no response, and Mrs. Bryant saw that there was something on her mind disturbing her, so putting her arm around her, she said:—

"Come, we will go into the library, and have a talk on this subject."

"Now," said Mrs. Bryant, when they were seated in the room of thought—"now, my dear Fanny, why is it that you like liberty and hate government?"

"Why, I am told what I *must* and what I *must not* do, in school and at home, and I am *tired* of all this restraint. If there must be government, I wish to govern myself."

Mrs. Bryant, knowing that the cause of disturbance with the young is generally quite recent, came directly to the point by saying:—

"What has happened to-day Fanny, to make you feel oppressively restrained?"

"Well, I wanted to go to walk with Abby Foster this afternoon, and then home with her to supper; but when I asked mother if I might she said "No."

"How old is Miss Foster."

"Fifteen; and I fourteen."

"You like her?"

"She is lively and pleasant; I like to be with her some of the time."

"And you see nothing to object to in her?"

"Oh yes, sometimes I do."

Mrs. Bryant smiled, but replied: "It is really wrong to be out of humour with your dear mother, your most constant, tried, and devoted friend. And now we come again to *self-government*, the subject we started on."

"Yes'm."

"And you prefer to govern yourself?"

"You have made me feel that I shouldn't know how to."

"My dear, you are not yet able by your age or experience to govern yourself in all respects; and you think not how often it is far from an easy and pleasant duty to another to exercise authority over you. But, Fanny, there are three provinces of your Self-Kingdom now under your control, and they must be so difficult to govern that I should hardly think you would wish for any more, at least, for the present."

"What are they?" said Fanny with interest."

"That of Thoughts, that of Words, that of Manners. First, your *thoughts*. Jane Taylor, in writing to the young, enforces the necessity of the government of the thoughts. I will read you what she says.

"'All self-government begins here. He who cannot command his *thoughts* must not hope to control his *actions*. The smallest attention to our minds must convince us that the thoughts require restraint. If left to pursue their own course, they will assuredly take a wrong one. Three different descriptions of thought might be mentioned, closely indeed connected with each other, but which, generally, perhaps, occur in the following order:—*Idle* thoughts, *vain* thoughts, and *wicked* thoughts.

"'*Idle* thoughts are those which ramble wantonly about the mind, ranging from one object to another, just as they will, without any effort to divert them into a useful channel. 'The thought of foolishness is sin.' It is not said the thought of *wickedness*, but the thought of *foolishness*. And it is so, because it wastes time and talents which might be profitably employed, and for which we must render an account. It is not sufficient that the hands are occupied; the mind may be idle whilst they are busy, and how much mischief and misery may be traced to indolence of mind! Thought is the chief prerogative of our being; the great means of ennobling and reforming it; it makes the grand distinction between the man and the brute.

"By *vain* thoughts, we may understand those wilful excursions of the imagination, those airy visions of future happiness (as improbable as they are indeed undesirable), which, it is to be feared, are by many not only admitted but encouraged. If any young person should yield to this kind of mental indulgence, under the idea of its being a harmless amusement, it can only be for want of sufficient experience of its consequences. Its effects on the mind are much the same as those of intemperance on the body; enfeebling its powers, rendering every present occupation insipid, every duty dry, and creating a distaste for all mental improvement; at the same time that it cherishes the love of self, and blunts every benevolent and generous sentitiment. Nor is it too much to say, that an habitual indulgence of these visionary pleasures is absolutely incompatible with religious improvement. The mind, whose favourite employment is forming plans and wishes for possessing the pleasures, honours, riches, and vanities of this world, cannot be seeking, '*first*, the kingdom of God;'

cannot be 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness' cannot have 'fixed its affections on things above.'

"'If the two former be carefully guarded against and dismissed from the mind as soon as they enter, there will be little danger that *wicked* thoughts should gain admission. But let none hope to escape even from these if license be given to the others. The distance and difference between vain and wicked thoughts is much less than may be imagined; it is but another step, a step soon and easily, and often unconsciously, taken.

"'If a habit of indulging vain and sinful thoughts be so injurious to the moral and intellectual powers, how healthful, how desirable is a well regulated mind, which has acquired such a command over itself, as to be able to call off the thoughts instantly from unprofitable wanderings, and fix them on useful and important subjects! Youth is the time for forming this habit; if neglected then it will, in after life, be by painful, laborious efforts only that the mind can be brought to profitable reflection and meditation.

"'Let none be discouraged from attempting to acquire the right regulation of their thoughts by the difficulties they may have to encounter. Habit will render that easy and delightful which, at first, appears dry and difficult. The mind will gradually become enlarged and ennobled; will feel disgusted at the trifles which used to satisfy it, and aspire to pursuits and pleasures of the highest order. To be prepared for the great change—for a world of intellectual and spiritual enjoyment—will then appear to us the grand concern of life, the 'one thing needful.' Then shall we be able to say with the Psalmist, 'I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.'"

Fanny sat thoughtful. Mrs. Bryant arose and replaced the book. "The government of your *thoughts*," she resumed, "will greatly facilitate the government of your *words*. But make silence here you ally. Silence will prevent the expression, and therefore weaken the force of much folly and sin. Just watch yourself, my dear, for one day, noting when you are convinced that *silence* would have been wiser and kinder on your part than *words*, and you will realise in some degree both how often you fail and transgress through not keeping it, and how difficult it is to hold, while you will, I trust, be brought to see its great worth to yourself, and its blessing to others. When you do speak govern your words with *truth*, with *kindness*, and with *modesty*; speak also *understandingly*, and in language correctly.

"About manners, some one said, 'Every tree is known by its fruit.' 'But' adds another, 'some trees are also well known by their blossoms. Such an one is the tree of human life, of which morals are the fruit and manners are the flowers.'

"Farther on the writer last referred to asserts that 'the first rule of good manners is, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*. Continuing with 'This embraces and epitomises all the rest. True politeness is nothing more nor less than the Christian rule of life applied to all the minutiæ of our social intercourse. It is *real kindness kindly expressed*. Good manners are not for display, but for benevolent use. They are not to be a means of showing ourselves off, they are to be a means of showing kindness to others.' My dear Fanny, let not the weeds of carelessness prevent the growth or expansion of flowers in this province.

"And now a few words more upon *influence*. In the Bible we read, 'For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' The force of this statement you will feel more and more as you go on in life. But let me tell you that even those of your age have a larger circle of influence than those of their relatives and friends. Of those younger who meet you in school or elsewhere, many are more apt to imitate you, who are near to them in age, than to look up to those older and wiser. And those older and wiser, even where they are strangers to the young, look with a deep and tender interest upon them; have a disturbed and anxious feeling when they see them wayward, and a happy assured feeling when they see them in the right direction. I cannot but watch, and I am not the only one who watches, schoolboys and girls on their way to and from school. I notice their proprieties and improprieties, their kindness and unkindness to each other, their general demeanour. There are two families in this street, the young of which especially please me for their upright bearing. I am a

stranger to the parents, seldom more than smile on the children, yet I am glad they live near me."

Mrs. Bryant paused, and Fanny arose to go. "I thank you for talking to me, Mrs. Bryant," she said. "I feel better, and I hope I shall be better."

"I trust that with God's blessing," replied Mrs. Bryant "you may grow in favour with God and man daily."

"Fanny, my dear," said Mrs. Kendall that evening, as her daughter sat beside her cutting apart the leaves of the last number of a magazine, "Fanny, my dear, you enjoyed your call on Mrs. Bryant?"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"Because you have since been so cheerful and agreeable."

"Mother, I am very sorry that I was so cross and disagreeable to you this noon, and I will try not to be so again."

"God bless you, my child! He knows that I only desire your good. That you may be brought to see this, and more than this, his wisdom and love in all the restraint and discipline of life, is my earnest prayer."

ASPIRATIONS.

Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind;
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find.

Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear;
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

Calmer yet and calmer,
Trial bear and pain;
Sooner yet and sooner,
Peace at last to gain.

Suffering still, and doing;
To His will resigned,
And to Him subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer,
Rising to the light:—

Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest! H.

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY.

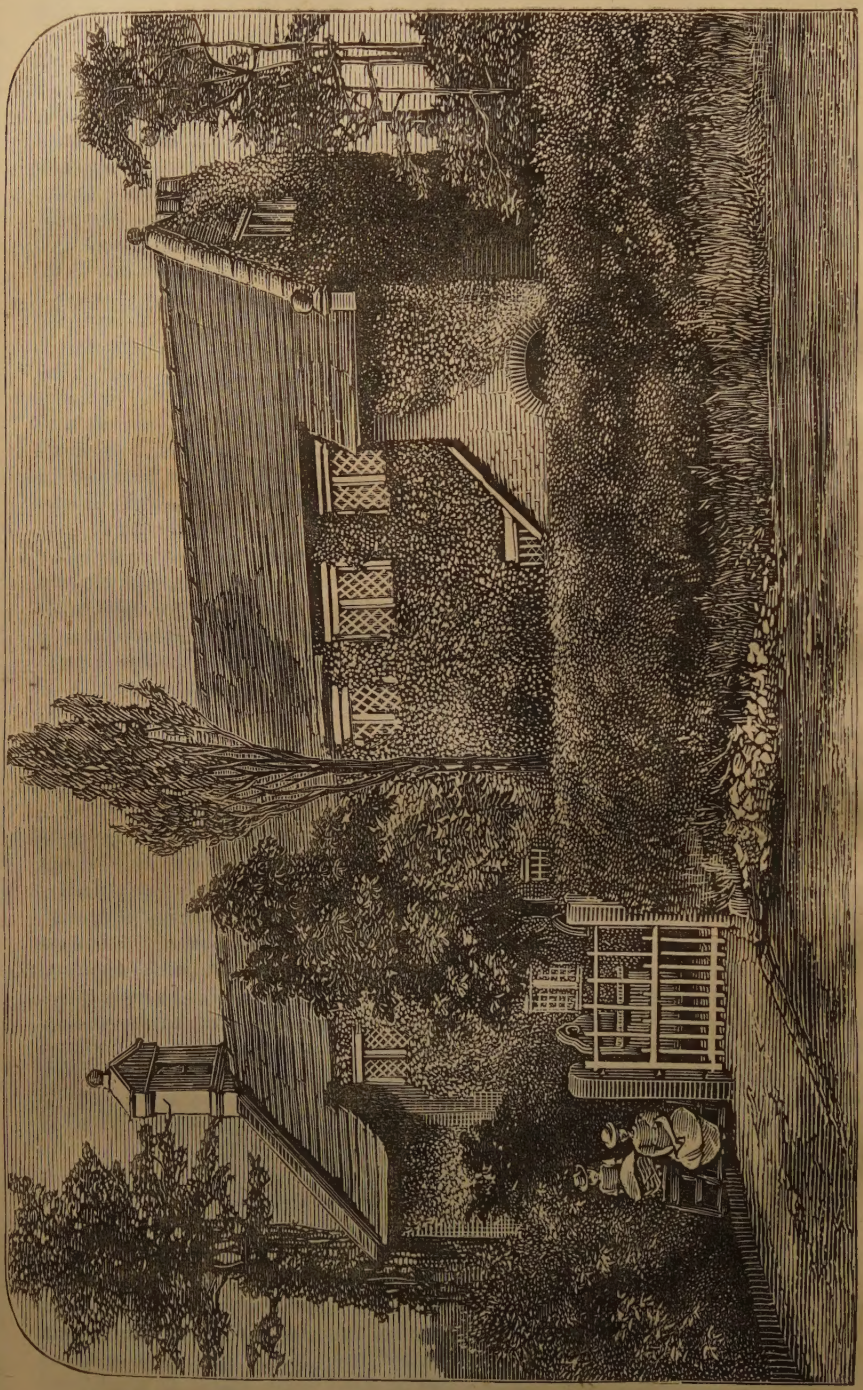
Since all the narratives of the gospel relate to events which happened in Palestine, and allude to many of the peculiarities of the country and ways of its people in the time of our Saviour, we often find that descriptions given by travellers help us to understand better many passages which by frequent repetition and for want of this knowledge have lost their full significance. Some little circumstances told us, perhaps, about the habits and manners of the people of Palestine in those days will help to give a fuller meaning to passages which refer to what took place there two thousand years ago, for the peoples of the East do not change their habits and fashions as readily as we do, while of course all the natural objects of the countries remain the same from century to century. We will give an instance of this in the beautiful and well-known passage in the Sermon on the Mount, when Jesus, endeavouring to impress upon the minds of his hearers the folly of giving themselves up to the cares of life and over-anxiety about food and clothing, begged them to consider (or observe) the lilies of the field, "which toil not, neither do they spin," yet that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Now we must remember that the discourse of which these words formed a portion was spoken in the open air in the country, and there is no doubt but that as he uttered the words, Jesus will have pointed to the flowers which grew about him, and which he felt in their beauty and brilliancy eclipsed the "glory" or grandeur of the great king Solomon, with whose greatness and grandeur every Jew who listened to him would be familiar. The word "lily" to an English ear gives directly the idea of whiteness and purity, and we are accustomed often to use it as an emblem of innocence and simplicity rather than of grandeur. Travellers tell us, however, that the flowers which grow wild in the greatest profusion in the Holy Land are not white lilies, but a species of anemone of a bright crimson colour, and there is every likelihood that our Saviour alluded to these as he compared them with the "glory" of Solomon. Crimson or (as it was then called) *purple* was, in fact, the colour always worn by kings in their robes of state in ancient times, and it was a

common expression to say of a royal prince that he was "born to the purple," or that a man in becoming a king had "assumed the purple." All the more likely, too, was it that Solomon should have clothed himself in this royal colour, since the city of Tyre, in Phœnicia, on the coast of Syria, was celebrated for the manufacture of a crimson dye, called "Tyrian purple." This dye was obtained from a little shell-fish found in great quantities on that coast, and somewhat resembling our periwinkle. Within the body of each of the little *molluscs* is a sort of artery or vein containing just a drop of the red fluid, which must have been collected with great care and at great cost of labour to dye even the robes of but one or two kings. Solomon, who was on friendly terms with Hiram, king of Tyre, and had many commercial relations with him, would be sure to have had his robes dyed with the "Tyrian purple;" but bright as may have been the colour, there is no doubt but that the crimson hue of the little wild anemone far eclipsed it in brilliancy, so that the robes of Solomon, much as they may have contributed to his "glory" when seated on his throne, were not to be compared to it. The profusion, too, in which these flowers are said to grow in some parts of Palestine may have led to their being gathered in with the grass and dried in the oven for fodder, which explains also the verses which follow in the Sermon on the Mount.

That Jesus should have alluded to the "glory" of Solomon rather than that of any other king was most natural, seeing that the humblest of his hearers would be sure to know so much of the history of his native country as referred to him, who was by far the greatest king who ever reigned over the Hebrew nation. Even as compared to other kings, both before and after him, Solomon was distinguished for his wealth and splendid manner of living. During the lifetime of David, his father, the Hebrew monarchy had arisen to some importance, but under Solomon its greatness and influence were much increased. Without being a warrior, Solomon by his sagacious government was able to extend considerably his dominions, and included in them many neighbouring districts, the inhabitants of which were ready to pay him taxes and tribute-money, so that his name became proverbial in all the East for wealth as well as wisdom. His reign was, in fact, one of peace and plenty for his subjects, and the Hebrew nation was at its height in power and importance under his rule. Carrying out the plans and instructions of his father David, Solomon built a magnificent temple at Jerusalem for the worship of Jehovah, and established a splendid ritual for sacrifice and thanksgiving. Next, he built for himself a splendid palace, where he lived in the greatest luxury and magnificence, giving himself up, it would seem, to every kind of personal indulgence, and yet feeling all the while the vanity and insecurity of such earthly joys. The Book of Proverbs and the Book called Ecclesiastes are said to have been written by Solomon, and these are full of sayings which point out the insufficiency of riches to secure happiness. In the time of Christ every Jew must have known all that history and tradition had recorded of this their greatest king, and in the minds of many was ever the hope and expectation of the monarchy being restored in the place of Roman rule; and perhaps at the time when Jesus delivered the discourse in which he alluded to Solomon, his followers were beginning to entertain the hope that their master was to be the future king of the Hebrew nation, whose reign should rival in glory that of Solomon. In the mind of Jesus himself, however, was a very different idea. A spiritual kingdom of righteousness was what he aimed at establishing—a kingdom in which the meek, the pure in heart, the merciful and humble, were to be exalted. If that he knew the vain ambitions and hopes that were in the minds of his hearers at that time, no wonder that he should have pointed to the flowers among the grass of the field, to show how the simplest objects of nature can, after all, surpass in beauty the grandeur of the greatest of monarchs—even that of their great king Solomon "in all his glory."

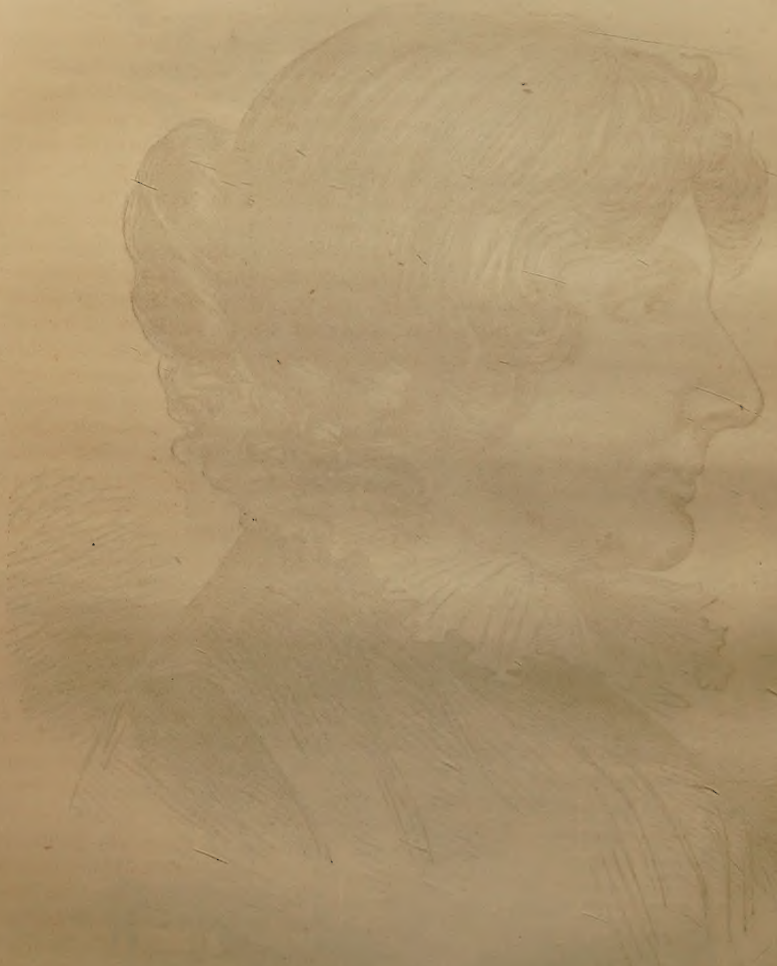
BIRTH AND DEATH.

THEE, on thy mother's knees, a new born child,
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep. ROGERS.



DEAN ROW CHAPEL.

MRS. BARBAULD.



DEAN ROW CHAPEL.

This venerable and interesting building stands in the parish of Wilmslow, in Cheshire, and is about six miles from Stockport, and twelve from Manchester. It is now very nearly 200 years old, having been built either in the reign of James II., at the issuing of the Declaration of Indulgence in 1687, or in that of William III., at the passing of the Toleration Act in 1689. It is remarkable for a peculiarity of form, which appears only in one or two other chapels which were erected about the same time, viz., those at Knutsford and at Macclesfield. The description of the former of these, given by Mrs. Gaskell in "Ruth," applies equally well to Dean Row Chapel. She says:—"It had a picturesque and old-world look, for the congregation had been too poor to rebuild it or re-face it in George the Third's time. The staircases which led to the galleries were outside, at each end of the building, and the irregular roof and the worn stone steps looked grey and stained by time and weather. The casement windows were made of heavy-leaded, diamond-shaped panes, almost covered with ivy, producing a green gloom, not without its solemnity within. This ivy was the home of an infinite number of birds, which twittered and warbled till it might have been thought that they were emulous of the power of praise possessed by the human creatures within." It is surrounded by a pretty graveyard, the walks being edged with flower gardens, and some tall old trees look down solemnly upon the quiet scene, helping to calm and quiet the heart of those who may enter it from the passing road, and rest upon its moss-grown stones.

The interior resembles very much that of a small country church. The pews are all the original ones, and of oak, many of the seats being roughly hewn blocks. The pulpit stands at one corner, by the side of the communion table, which is surrounded by plain oak railings, and over which is a board having the Christian Commandments and the Lord's Prayer painted in gold. Above this again is the choir gallery, with an organ, and at the opposite end is a large gallery for the use of the congregation, the panels of which are decorated with a succession of shields painted in red and blue alternately, and bearing the names of the various ministers who have officiated in the building.

The congregation was probably founded at the time of the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, and hence is one of those Presbyterian congregations which look back to their spiritual ancestry with such pardonable pride. The Rev. John Brereton was ejected from Wilmslow Church, and the Rev. Robert Barton from Mobberley, a village about six miles from Dean Row, and there appear to be good reasons for ascribing the origin of the congregation to their labours. But the first minister, who may be termed the pastor of the congregation, during whose period of ministration the chapel was built, was the Rev. Eliezer Birch, who was minister from 1687 to 1707. At the ordination of his successor, Mr. Hugh Worthington, Matthew Henry assisted, who recorded the event in his diary as follows, and shows the singular seriousness of the devotional habits of the old dissenters:—"Sep. 2nd, 1707: A solemn fast in the congregation at Dean Row, for the ordination of Mr. Hugh Worthington, whom they have chosen to be their pastor in the room of Mr. Birch. I preached from 2 Cor. v. 18; Mr. Augier prayed over him; Mr. Jollie, of Sheffield, gave the exhortation. We had many things very affecting. The Honourable Mr. Cecil Booth was with us in the evening; this was one of the Stamford friends." This Mr. Worthington was succeeded in 1735 by his son, of the same name, who preached till 1748, when he ceased from the ministry."

We now reach an important period in the history of the congregation. Up to this time its ministers had held the ordinary Trinitarian views, with some amount of Calvinism. But in 1748, Mr. William Brocklehurst was chosen pastor, who was an Arian. It is therefore clear that the doctrine of the Trinity has not been preached in this place of worship for more than a century. During Mr. Brocklehurst's ministry the chapel was well attended, and the connection between him and the congregation was severed only by his death, which occurred in 1786. During the ministry of his successor, Mr. George Chadwick, the congregation began to decline. This was from several causes, in-

cluding Mr. Chadwick's want of popularity as a preacher, and the springing up in the neighbourhood of several other nonconformist sects. Mr. Chadwick was succeeded, in 1803, by Mr. Proctor, who remained eleven years, during which time the condition of the congregation was stationary. Had he been succeeded by a zealous, popular preacher there is no reason to think that the farther declension of the congregation might have been prevented; but the next minister, Mr. N. Shattock, was appointed but from year to year, which had a most deleterious effect. At length, in 1817, Mr. W. Morris became minister, a most unfortunate choice, for as he entirely lost the confidence of the congregation, it gradually dwindled away, and became virtually extinct. The chapel in the meanwhile fell into a lamentable state of decay, and became utterly neglected. Efforts were made to induce Mr. Morris to resign, but he refused to do so. At the time of his death, however, through the efforts of the Rev. John Colston, of Styal, who became its next minister, viz., in 1843, the chapel was restored, and the scattered remains of the former congregation again assembled. From that time till the present, a small but earnest congregation has continued to meet in the venerable building, several of whom come up to worship from considerable distances.

When the Rev. J. Colston retired, in 1863, he was succeeded, both at Styal and Dean Row, by the Rev. Alfred Payne, who is the present minister. The congregation at Dean Row can scarcely ever be a large one again, for the very sparse population about the chapel seems to be decreasing rather than increasing, having hitherto largely depended upon hand-loom silk weaving, a branch of industry which is probably doomed to extinction. Accordingly, the number of attendants at the services will largely depend upon the residence of Unitarian families at or near Wilmslow and Alderley Edge, which lie at a distance of two and four miles respectively from the chapel. There is no reason to fear, however, that the cause will ever die out here, for the chapel has a small endowment, and will probably never be wholly forsaken by the families of those who for several generations have worshipped within its walls.

A WORD UPON WHEELS.

We remember being much struck by a little story, showing that "a word fitly spoken," or, to use the expressive Hebrew reading given in the margin, "a word spoken upon wheels," even by the weakest and youngest, is precious as gold and silver.

One day a boy was tormenting a kitten, when his little sister said to him, with tearful eyes, "Oh! Philip, don't do it; it is God's kitten."

The word of the little one was not lost; it was set upon wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but many thoughts were awakened in his mind regarding the creatures he had before considered his own property.

"God's kitten, God's creature; for he made it." It was a new idea.

The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions, who was beating unmercifully a poor, starved-looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and almost unconsciously used his sister's words. He said, "Don't, don't; it is God's creature."

The boy looked abashed, and explained that the dog had stolen his breakfast.

"Never mind," said Philip, "I will give you mine, which I have in my basket;" and, sitting down together, the little boy's anger was soon forgotten.

Again had a word been unconsciously set upon wheels. Two passers-by heard Philip's words: one, a young man in prosperous business, in the neighbouring town, and the other a dirty and ragged being, who in consequence of his intemperate habits had that morning been dismissed by his employer, and was now going home sullen and despairing.

"God's creature!" said the poor, forlorn one; and it was a new idea to him also.

"If I, too, belong to God, he will take care of me, though no one else will."

Just then he came to a public house, where he had been in the habit of drowning his miseries, and then staggering home to inflict new ones on his wife and children. He stopped; the temptation was strong, but the new idea was stronger. "I am God's creature!" and he passed on.

His wife was astonished to see him sober, and still more when he burst into tears, declaring that he was a ruined man, but that he was determined to give up drinking and to trust in God.

At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and the gentleman came in to whom we have before alluded. He, too, had been rebuked by the boy's words for the scorn and loathing which he had felt at the miserable object before him.

We need not detail the words of hope and comfort, the promise and performance of active assistance, which in a short time lifted up the poor man's head.

It would be well for us all, old and young, to remember that our words and actions, yea, our thoughts also, are set upon never-stopping wheels, rolling on and on into the pathway of eternity.

THE FUSEE BOYS.

Every rambler along our streets must now and then have been saluted, "Matches, sir, will you buy only a box of matches?" I was strolling along the other day, and resolved to know more about those little fellows than merely "Matches, sir," and got into conversation with a few, who appeared to me to have a tone of genuine honesty and humanity about them. One little boy told me he sometimes had a lucky day, and could sell twenty boxes, which brought sixpence profit. He said he had a mother, who was sick with a baby to nurse, and this helped her, added to the little which she got from the parish. Another little fellow averaged threepence per day, had neither father nor mother, and would like so much to be able to read, but oh! he was so ragged. Another little boy said that his mother sent him out all day while she went out to wash for neighbours. One of these boys, more fortunate, said he could make 9d; 3d. per night he paid for lodgings, 4½d. for food, and saved 1½d. Some said they were often very cold and hungry, and on the Sundays could make very little. So those plaintive tales were alternated with poverty, crippled parents, widowed mothers, or complete orphanage. No traveller along our streets ever fails to recognise an earnestness and a care in those little traders. Surely something will at last be done to take off the streets these children, who become little men and women before they are fourteen, and place them where they may be educated and trained, as children ought, no longer to be a disgrace, but an ornament and proof of our civilisation.

SEEING AND BELIEVING.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.

Some people talk of believing only what they can see, what they can handle, what can be made evident to some of their senses. They say, "I will believe in a thing only when I can see it, or when I can touch it." They are like Thomas, who would not believe in Christ's resurrection until he had thrust his hands into the wounds in his side. Some men who believe in Spiritualism are of this class; they will not believe in it without material and physical demonstration. Spiritual truth can only come to them, so to speak, by a trepanning of the skull, by physical manifestation. Now, true spirituality is found in the intuitions of the soul, in the secret whisperings that the martyr hears when he is ready to change earth for heaven, in the chambers of the saint's mind when all without is dark. In the intuitive conviction and consciousness is the true basis of all spirituality, not in the material demonstration; and this desire to realise things by the senses is the actual source of all the scepticism that questions the claim of Christianity. All men admit that Christianity is a glorious system, and that Christ was a blessed teacher. They compliment him, and lift him up above Seneca and Plato. They acknowledge the beautiful manifestations of moral excellence in him; they admire the Sermon on the Mount; but they do not know about this spiritual and super-sensual things; they believe only in that which they can see and handle.

What kind of a world is it, if we believe only to that extent? How much can you see and handle, O sceptic? What is it you see, O sharp philosopher? Do you see matter? Not at all; you only see certain properties and phenomena of matter interpreted to you, not through your senses, but through your consciousness. And even in regard to matter itself, what is it? It is not light, it is not heat, it is not colour, it is not extension; these are mere properties. No man ever saw matter. What do you see? Light? No, only certain phenomena of light. The sceptic will believe only in what he can see, and yet believes in matter that he cannot see, but which is interpreted only by his spiritual consciousness. Will you

believe only that which comes within the limits of your knowledge? How do you know you have the faculties to apprehend all knowledge? Do we believe the universe has only this phase of truth which it turns to our faculties? There may be five hundred or five thousand expressions of truth, and we see only five of them. Give a man a sixth sense, and the consequences that accompany it, and he will see more than he did before. Give him a hundred portals of communications, and he will see a hundred things that he does not see now.

Will you limit all truth to what you know? That is the great question that Christianity presses upon us. It bids us look within our own souls; its wants, needs, demands, and claims; its hunger and thirst for righteousness, its yearning for God. Even in our wildest and strangest wanderings it bids us look within, and it answers and supplies the spiritual demands, just as science answers the sensuous demand. I am just as sure of spiritual things through the faculties of my soul, as interpreted by Christianity, as ever Newton or Humboldt was sure of material things through the faculties of the brain and senses, interpreted by science. Scepticism stands on no basis at all, only as it stands on that of the senses, and they themselves are verified in their last result by consciousness alone.

Christianity is the complement of scientific truth in the spiritual facts it reveals to us; and nothing is more grand than man's relation to spiritual beings; than the fact that the universe is filled up with blessed intelligences. I do not need to see them, or hear them, to be convinced of this fact. I know by surer sight than the eye, by more certain hearing than the ear, that they exist.

I know it by my vital consciousness of a God and of a heaven. And Christianity interprets the fact. It shows man, poor, wretched, vile as he may be, linked with these innumerable relations. It shows identity of nature in all spiritual things on earth and in heaven. Oh, if we could tear all the Bible in strips, but leave this one saying of Christ, what mighty truth and consolation there would be in it! "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." How much that reveals to us—lets in upon us. Joy in heaven! Then there are beings in heaven capable of joy, just like ourselves, beings in sympathy with us. Joy in heaven! Oh, forlorn and wayward brother! despised of men, and scorned, and perhaps feeling that you ought to be, do you know what you are? There might be joy not only in that earthly home that nestles among the hills, where your poor mother is praying for you to-day, but also joy in heaven. What a revelation of an identity of nature, of a celestial sympathy!

Moreover, there is not only sympathy, but there is solicitude there. Men do not know their own souls, nor suspect the value of them. They need to be brought to appreciate themselves, as God and all holy beings appreciate them. How much there is to impress us with the soul's importance, to arouse and inspire us to holy life and action. The larger the nature the larger the love. Little, mean natures are uncharitable natures. Find a man that is doubtful as to the virtue of his fellow-men, and you may be sure that he is a mean man himself. The man that always has a hopeless, sarcastic sneer for his fellow-men, who is in perpetual fear that he will be cheated by them, look out for that man. But the man that hopes or trusts, though none sees the evil more keenly than he; the man who sees something brighter than the sin; who sees the light shining around all, hope around all, that man has a nobler nature, a larger and more persistent love. Thank God there is a divine solicitude for us. God seeks for us as a shepherd seeks for the lost sheep in the wilderness, or as a woman seeks for the lost piece of silver; and with that sympathy are conjoined all that worship around the throne.

THE HOLY WEEK AT ROME, 1869.

"St Peter's is the principal place of attraction, and there we went yesterday to hear the *Miserere* beautifully sung in one of the chapels to a densely crowded audience. The singing was charming. It commenced when the last of twelve candles was put out, leaving only those in the orchestra for the singers. This morning, soon after eight, Mrs. A—— accompanied me to the grand old church again, to secure seats, if possible, in the reserved part, having tickets to admit us. But, alas! there were no seats on the platform, so we had to stand or rest on the ground until one o'clock, when

the *washing of the feet* took place. We had a very good position to witness this ceremony. Twelve men (representing the Apostles) are sent from different countries to enjoy this papal favour; the thirteenth man who accompanies them is termed *an Angel*. They came in advance of the Pope, dressed entirely in white, and were placed on a long green seat near us, opposite to all the royal visitors. The ex-King and Queen of Naples, the Prince of Monaco, and lots of other dignified personages were present; all appeared to be deeply interested in the ceremony.

"His Holiness waddled in with his attendant cardinals, dressed magnificently. He sat on his throne for some time whilst singing was going on; then his dress was changed, and an apron trimmed richly with lace was given to him, which he put on and tied neatly, just like an old nurse manages who is about to wash her baby! It was most amusing; and we laughed heartily to see this little domestic performance on the part of such a great man. He then walked towards "the Apostles," followed by two gay attendants, holding a silver basin and ewer, while his right-hand man, Cardinal Antonelli, carried a basket containing thirteen bunches of violets to present to the pilgrims. The Pope wetted one foot of each Apostle, then wiped and *kissed it!* They returned the kiss on his hand. The performance was soon over, and then the multitude began to move to another part of the cathedral, where other ceremonies were to take place. We had had enough, however, and were glad to find our carriage and return to our hotel."

On the previous Friday we went to St. Peter's to attend High Mass. We were then close to the Pope, who is a pleasant looking old man, with such a bright, piercing eye. The procession was very grand, composed of all the papal courtiers gaily dressed in gaudy uniform. The Swiss guards (forming the Pope's body-guard) look precisely like harlequins; the household attendants wear a red damask dress, and the costume of the Zouaves is a delicate blue cloth, trimmed with silver. On Palm Sunday we also saw the Pope and his long train of cardinals all dressed magnificently. After blessing the palms he handed them to the cardinals, who kissed them and gave them to the people. These cardinals seem anything but devout Catholics at heart. We saw them at High Mass not long since, when the most solemn and exquisite music was being performed; but instead of attending to the services, some of these old men were asleep, others were taking snuff, and many were chatting and joking together.

A WARNING.

Eccles. xl. 9.—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Shall I be allowed to preface this discourse with relating a passage concerning an acquaintance of mine, who hath been many years since dead out of our world, but which I remember to have received when young from himself. When he was an apprentice in this city the civil war began. His inclination led him into the army, where he had a captain's commission. It was fashionable for all sorts in that army to carry a Bible along with them, which, therefore, he and many others did, who yet made little use of it, and had hardly any sense of serious religion. At length, being commanded with his company to storm a fort, wherein they were exposed for a time to the thickest of the enemy's fire; when he had accomplished his enterprise, and the heat of action was over, he found a musket-ball lodged in his Bible, which lay in his pocket upon such a part of his thigh that it must necessarily have proved mortal to him had it not been for this seasonable and well-placed piece of armour. Upon a nearer observation, he found the bullet had made its way so far through his Bible as to rest directly upon that part of the first unbroken leaf where the words of the text lay. As the surprising deliverance, you may apprehend, much affected him, so a passage which his conscience told him was very apposite to his own case, and which Providence in so remarkable a way pointed to his observation, made the deepest and the best impression on his mind; so that, by the grace of God, from that time he minded religion in earnest, and continued in the regular practice of it to a good old age, frequently making the remark with pleasure how his Bible had been the salvation of his soul and his body too.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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THE STATE OF YORKSHIRE.—The Bishop of Ripon recently said, "At a meeting in London last year he had heard an eminent and distinguished person say that, while in Yorkshire nine years ago there were hundreds who would have sacrificed their lives for the good old Church of England, *he did not believe there were at that moment twenty men in Yorkshire who would walk across the hall in which he was speaking to save the Church as an Establishment.*"

CHURCH DISPUTES.—Mr. Arthur Helps, in "Good Words," says:—"I am lost in astonishment when I contemplate the 'questions,' as they are called, which are debated by the different religious parties, and respecting which they become furious. Vestments, intonings, processions, altar-cloths, rood-screens, and genuflexions, are made to be matters of the utmost importance; and all the while the really great questions are in abeyance. It reminds me of children playing at marbles on the slopes of a volcano, which has already given sure signs of an approaching eruption."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND THE JEW.—Boccacio has a story of a Roman Catholic trying to convert a Jew to Christianity. The Jew said that he was going shortly to Rome, and would there look more particularly into the arguments. He accordingly went, much to the regret of his Catholic friend, who thought that he was little likely to be converted by what he would there meet with. The Jew, however, on his return from Rome, told his friend that he had become a Christian, because he was quite convinced that a religion whose professors and teachers lived in such pomp and luxury, and so inconsistently with the doctrines that they taught, must be the true religion, or else it would have long since ceased to exist.

BOYS WHO SMOKE.—In the *British Medical Journal* is an article showing the investigations of a learned physician, Dr. Decaisne, on the influence of tobacco on the circulation of the blood. The doctor says he has been struck with the large number of boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, who smoke; and he has been led to inquire into the connection of this habit with the loss of health. He has observed thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, who smoke more or less. Of these, distinct symptoms were present in twenty-seven. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation, of digestion, palpitation of the heart, slowness of the intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. He mentions also several other dangerous effects, as traced in the bodily system.

BISHOP BLOMFIELD.—Some years ago a clergyman received a letter from Dr. Blomfield, then Bishop of London, saying that a complaint had been made against him, and requiring him to come up and answer it. He went accordingly, and was received by the bishop very uncourteously, and returned home much dissatisfied. He thereupon made his complaint in return. He, the next day, wrote to the bishop, saying, "My lord, I, yesterday, attended at London-house, in obedience to your lordship's commands, and was shown in to a gentleman, who, I suppose, was one of your lordship's chaplains. I have to complain that he treated me with great rudeness, he would not listen to my explanation, and, indeed, received me very little like a gentleman. I have, therefore, to request, that the next time I am summoned to London-house I may have the honour of speaking to your lordship yourself." The person to whom the bishop told the story naturally asked, "What notice did you take of it?" The bishop replied, "I swallowed it."

DRUNKENNESS AS A DISEASE.—Dr. Bacon read a paper on this subject at the last meeting of the Cambridge University Medical Society. He noticed the prevalence of the evil in northern climates, and classified drunkards as the casual, the chronic, and those in whom the tendency to excessive indulgence was a purely mental disease—a form of insanity called dipsomania. The chronic drunkards he discribed as the most intractable—women preponderate over men—are generally of the class above want, and often clever and agreeable persons, though full of deceit, and capable of any stratagem to gratify their appetite for drink. The vice of the disease is often transmitted.—*Lancet.*

CHILDISH DEVOTION.—Three children in New Brunswick got astray. One was about six years of age, the others four and three. It was a wild region, and wild weather, and at the edge of night. From signs it seems that the six years old soon felt sure there was no hope of their being found, or finding themselves that night, and so it took measures at once for the safe keeping of its little ones. Putting them in the most sheltering nook it could find, it then stripped away the most of its own garments to put on them, and set out to gather dry seaweed and brush to cover them up and defend them. Quite a quantity of this had been gathered and piled about the babies into a sort of nest, and there they lay when the people found them, still alive; but the six years old matron and martyr lay out on the shore dead of the cold—lay beside the last pile of brush it had been able to gather, but was not able to bring in.

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